Glo. I serue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the house?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy worsted-stocken knaue, a lilly liuer'd action taking knaue, a whoreson glasse-gazing superfinicall rogue, one trunke inheriting slaue, one that would'st be a baud in way of good seruice, & art nothing but the composition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the sonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least syllable of the addition.

Stew. What a monstrous fellow art thon, thus to raile on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac'st varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweest me, is it two daies agoe since I beate thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moon shines, ile make a sop of the Moone-shine a'you, draw you whoreson cullyonly barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you rascall, you bring Letters against the King, & take Vanity the puppets part, against the royalty of her father, draw you rogue, or ile so carbonado your shankes, draw you rascall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent.

Kent. Strike you slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murth

Enter Edmund wit
Du

Bast. How now, what

Ken. With you goodn
you, come on yong mast

Glost. Weapons, armes

Duke. Keepe peace vpo
what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers fi

Duke. What's your dif

Stew. I am scarse in bre

Kent. No maruaile you
wardly rascall, nature dis

Duke. Thou art a stran

Kent. I, a taylour sir,
haue made him so ill, tho
trade.

Glost. Speake yet, how

Stew. This ancient ruf
of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson
if you will giue me leaue
to morter, and daube the
gray-beard you wagtaile

Duke. Peace sir, you be

Kent. Yes sir, but anger

Duke. Why art thou a

Kent. That such a slaue
That weares no honesty,
Like Rats oft bite those
Which are to intrench, t
That in the natures of the

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